

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. I.

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No. 35.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

*Donec felix eris multos numirabis amicos
Tempora si fuerint nuda solus eris—*

OVID.

NEVER was the reverse of fortune and the unkindness of friends, more pathetically described nor perhaps ever more keenly felt, than by the unhappy author of the above lines; courted by illustrious contemporaries, distinguished for a mind whose perceptions appeared rather intuitive, than the result of study and research, admitted to a familiar intercourse with the imperial family of *Augustus*; the extent of his happiness was scarcely attained before its enjoyment became embittered by banishment and disgrace. How many are there, who like our poet inconsiderately trusting to professions, little imagine they are the dictates of a heart as insensible to enlarged and honorable sentiments, as to the softer feelings of sincere and genuine friendship: yet how few are there who like him can ease the complicated weight of adversity by an exertion of the mind, and emerging from the gloom with which they are encircled, deduce from their own misfortunes some useful moral for the instruction of mankind?

The instability of friendship has not unfrequently been considered as one of the strongest proofs of the depravity of our nature; yet if we diligently investigate the assertion, we shall find that the semblance is often mistaken for the reality, that professions are not always a certain test of sincerity, that the heart may sometimes bestow itself unworthily, and that consequently where there never was a reciprocal share of affection, we have no reason to complain of the instability of that which never existed. What infinite anxiety, what aggravated distress might the unfortunate avoid, by an early attention to the precipitate formation of attachments. By repressing the extravagant ardor of feeling, which frequently grows into an imprudent admiration of specious qualities and deceitful ap-

pearances, they might detect the artifice in time to guard against the treachery which is formed for their destruction. Let not those whose confidence has been improperly reposed exclaim against the instability of friendship, rather let them lament the little value they attached to it by an indiscreet choice of associates. It is not the servile flatterer whose adulation is ever ready to counteract the good effects which merited censure and public opinion might have upon our conduct, or who by palliating our faults confirms us in their repetition, on whom we are to confer our regard; for he wants that candor which results from an independence of opinion, and is satisfied with our disgrace for the privilege of our society. It is not the man of wealth whose professions give him an importance arising merely from the interests of those who have less than himself, and who considers friendship as the practised fraud of knaves for enriching themselves at his expence, who can ever feel the influence of its charms; his heart is callous to every thing but profit, which in the scale of his passions outweighs the most virtuous of affections. To enlarge upon the several descriptions of persons who are insensible to friendship, would be a tedious and very disagreeable employment, and to give its precise definition would, perhaps, alarm the consciences of those who feel themselves unequal to discharge its duties. I do not mean by friendship the courteous civilities which occur among those who are in the frivolous habit of idly visiting and complimenting one another; nor can it with truth be said, generally to be felt by those who are the jovial companions of festivity and mirth. They who never appreciated the real value of friendship formed on reciprocal confidence and esteem, on elevated and honorable principles, may imagine that attentions paid to them by men of superior rank and power, impose an obligation by which their gratitude is irrevocably bound; and yet, should fortune desert their patrons, how soon would their opinions change:—The recollection of past favours would be im-

mediately cancelled by the inability to continue them, and they would shun the society of those very men with whom they so lately sought an indissoluble connection.

There are some light and trivial minds, so lavish of their regard to those, who for some whim they fancy themselves to be fond of; that they at once unbosom themselves, and overwhelm their new acquaintance with a mass of petty affairs, and trifling occurrences, delivered with all the solemnity of important secrets; without waiting till their confidence was sought for, or till they had reason to believe it would be valued and reciprocated. When these find there is not so much consequence attached to their communications as their vanity induced them to wish for, or when they meet with some fresh face that pleases them; they shift their partialities with the same caprice that formed them, and then indulge themselves in complaints against the fickleness of mankind.

Some whom providence has blessed with prosperity and affluence, think none are worthy to be on terms of equal friendship with them, but those who are equal in circumstances; such persons will often be *condescendingly* familiar with poorer men, who have raised themselves to respectability by their talents and their virtues: not that they feel the generous spirit of real friendship, but because their vanity is gratified by the show of Patronage they love to display. If those on whom they bestow a few superficial attentions, should so far forget their own dignity as to boast of such empty favours, and such "*half-faced fellowship*;" their pride would become enormous and their insolence unbounded: but if they meet with men of independent spirit, who disdain to give such base metal currency, who demand friendship for friendship, and refuse to give theirs but on fair and equal terms which require the sacrifice of self-importance and a domineering temper; the blessing is rejected with disgust, and spleen vents itself in exclamations against ingratitude.

That which deserves the name of friendship is a virtue, and to be found only among the virtuous and the wise; to gain a friend we must deserve him, we must entitle ourselves to his esteem by qualities not only intrinsically estimable, but by their similarity to those which he possesses; we must be kind, assiduous to please, and delicate in the mode of doing so, if we wish to gain his affection; and we must be unchangable ourselves, if we wish him to be constant and sincere.

—"*All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.*"

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.
(Continued from page 268.)

*Religion's all. . Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the next;
Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
Supporter sole of man above himself;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul, that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After state!
Here is firm footing: here is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.*

YOUNG.

DEMONSTRATION III.

The miracles of the gospel were announced by eye witnesses, or men contemporary, who were sincere and true.

History is one of the most useful species of writing, and the study of it to all descriptions of men is pleasing and profitable. To a christian, ecclesiastical history is the most valuable and important. He professes a certain religion; with its founder he desires to be acquainted; he is anxious to know by what means it was first established, the difficulties which it had to encounter, the success with which it was attended, and the various scenes through which it has passed. Above all the other parts of this history, the biography of its first minister will be esteemed, and therefore he wishes that it should come to him authenticated with the strongest possible evidence. If an historian compile his relation from the best records, and from sources whose authenticity was never doubted, we are inclined in general to believe him; but if a man advances with the same facts, and adds to his relation these emphatic words, "*all these things myself saw*;" we then more readily attend to the relation, and give it additional credit. This is the situation of the writers of the gospel history. They were not only contemporary, but three of them at least, eye-witnesses of the majority, if not of all the facts which they attest. We feel at a stand, if we hear two, three or more persons all protesting they were eye-witnesses, disagree in the relation of some trifling occurrence: but suppose a credible person should say to us, "*I was yesterday in the house of congress, heard the debate, such persons spoke, and thus it was concluded*:" suppose another to repeat the same tale, as it regarded the most important point, but to omit a few trifles, and relate others: and suppose another to corroborate the account, and supply the deficiency in the detail of the other narrators, could we disbelieve what three persons who professed to have seen and

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heard the whole debate should tell us? Why then are we so incredulous, in matters of infinite moment, when they are supported and confirmed by indubitable and incontestable evidence? The evidence of eye-witnesses is always to be believed, if supported by other testimony and not satisfactorily denied. We evince the truth of the gospel miracles as related by the apostles, and evangelists; they being eye-witnesses, and contemporary with him who performed them.

Matthew was contemporary with Christ. His own pen gives this information. "And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom, and he said unto him, follow me. And he arose and followed him." The same occurrence, with some additional circumstances, is found in the histories of Mark and Luke. Matthew was a publican, an office held in the utmost detestation by the Jews; these tax-gatherers were most odious to his nation, as they reminded them of their former glory, and their present abject situation. He left his employ, all worldly good was forgotten, and to be a servant of Jesus Christ was to him more honourable than any other office; he obeyed Christ, followed him, and never more returned to the exercise of his calling.—He soon became an apostle, and accompanied Christ until his death; after which time he lived at Jerusalem, and by his preaching made known the prodigies which he himself had seen, or which he had been taught by his fellow labourers, and the inspiration of the holy ghost: he then prepared to go to the Gentiles and preach to them; and it was at this time he composed his gospel to leave to the converted Hebrews, an instructive memorial to console them in his absence. Eusebius in his ecclesiastical history thus writes; Matthæus primo Hebræis prædicaverat. Verum cum pararet transire ad Gentes, patria lingua scripturam composuit; et ea quæ prædicaverat comprehendens, dereliquit ad memoriam his a quibus proficiscebatur ut Gentibus prædicaret.* Ample proof remains that his gospel appeared, about the year of our Lord thirty-five:—if we may credit the most able chronologists, the apostles separated themselves in the year thirty-six; and the next year when Paul visited Jerusalem we find one of them only in the city. The gospel of Matthew was written by a contemporary, and an eye-witness of the facts which he related.

John was of Bethsaida in Gallilee, and called with James his brother, when fishing. He appeared to have been the youngest of all the apostles, and on account of that tender affection which Christ bore for him, he was

called the beloved; and nothing could draw him away from the service of his Lord. In all the most private parts of Christ's life, John was one of those who were present. He was the first witness of the resurrection of Christ, and and the foremost to make it known. He was twice cast into prison, and notwithstanding all the virulent opposition with which he met, he ceased not to teach the people, and to accomplish the ministry which he had received with the most spirited intrepidity. The last mention we have of him in the gospel, is his assisting at the meeting of the apostles to determine the disputes concerning the observation of the law. Ecclesiastical history details his travels into Asia, his imprisonment and sufferings at Rome, his exile in Patmos, his recall by Nerva after the death of Domitian, his return to Ephesus, the indefatigable praises of his apostleship, and his death under the emperor Trajan. It follows that the gospel transmitted from age to age as his work, could not have a more able, or better instructed author. It was written about the year ninety eight, to supply the defects of the others, to satisfy the demand, and establish the opinions of the converts; and according to some, to refute the heresy of Corinthus and Ebion.

Eusebius thus writes, Certum est enim quod in prioribus tribus Evangeliiis, hæc videntur sola contineri, quæ in eo gesta sunt anno quo Joannes Baptista inclusus est in carcerem vel punitus: itaque rogatus est Joannes Apostolus ut ea quæ præterierant priores ante traditionem Joannis, Salvatoris gesta scriptis comprehenderet.†

Jerome tells us, Joannes cum esset in Asia, et jam tunc Hæreticorum seminaria pullularent Cerinthi, Ebionis et cæterorum qui negant Christum in carne venisse, coactus est ab omnibus perè tunc Asiæ Episcopis et multarum Ecclesiarum legationibus de Divinitate Salvatoris altius scribere.‡

Although we cannot possibly determine Mark to have been an eye witness of what he relates; many authors place him among the seventy-two disciples, and almost all the fathers declared explicitly that he was a disciple of the apostles, Amanuensis for Peter.

Irenæus Marcus discipulus et interpres Petri, quæ a Petro renunciata erant, edidit.¶ He delivered the history which he had learnt from others: and wrote his gospel at Rome in the course of Peter's second visit to that city. This work he performed at the solicitation of the Christians in the capital of the empire, who did not cease to trouble him until he was pleased for their consolation to accede to their request.

Clement, Marcum Petri sectatorem, cujus hodieque

* For translations, see end of Demonstration in next number.

extat Evangelium enixè orarunt ut doctrinæ illius quam auditu acceperant, scriptum aliquod monumentum apud se relinqueret—Nec prius destiterunt quam hominem expugnassent, autoresque scribendi illius, quod secundum Marcum dicitur, Evangelii extitissent. §—

Jerome thus writes, Marcus juxta quod Petrum referentem audierat, rogatus Romæ a fratribus, breve scripsit Evangelium, quod cum Petrus audisset, probavit, et Ecclesiæ legendum sua autoritate dedit.

If Mark wrote an history of Christ, and Peter approved of it, it is as credible as if Peter himself had been its author.

Tertullian, Licet et Marcus quod edidit, Petri affirmetur, ejus interpres Marcus nam et Lucæ digestam, Paulo adscribere solent.**

Irenæus, Lucas sectator Pauli, quod ab illo prædicabatur Evangelium in libro condidit. §§

It is universally agreed that Luke was one of the seventy-two Disciples, and some have thought him one of those whom our Lord met going to Emmaus. By the preface he has made to his history, we are fully convinced of its truth. This gospel was written under the immediate direction and inspection of the Apostle Paul; and we are certain that he sanctioned it. As it respects the acts of the Apostles, no person who did not live in the same age, was not an eye-witness of the facts recorded, could have entered into that minuteness discernable in the history; or expressed himself with similar precision.

(To be continued.)

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 270.)

By some people, more prompt to speak and prone to censure, than acute to observe, his character was mistaken. They imputed his modesty to timorousness: and thought, or said at least, that I kept him secluded from society, obliged him to apply too much to books, and gave him no opportunities of knowing the world. In justice both to him and to myself, I must enter into some particulars on this subject.

When at home, indeed, he was not frequently seen in the street: a laudable regard to health, and a passionate love of rural scenery, leading him to daily excursions in the fields: it is also true, that of tea-tables he was no regular frequenter; and that at card-tables and in ball-rooms, (things of no small importance in a country town) he never appeared at all. By the intelligent reader, after what he has heard of him, it will not be supposed, that this was the effect of restraint on my part: on the contrary, it

would have been unreasonable and cruel restraint, if in these things I had not readily complied, as I constantly did, with his inclination.

But I doubt, whether any other young man in North Britain, of his years and station, had better opportunities than he, of seeing what is called the world; and a more accurate or more sagacious observer of it, I have not known. He never was in a foreign country: but in England and Scotland his acquaintance was nearly as extensive as mine; and to many persons, in both countries, of great distinction in rank and literature, he had the honour to be known, and to be indebted for particular civilities. To give a list of names might be thought to savour of vanity rather than gratitude; yet it is not improbable that gratitude may one day induce me to give such a list.—Of the principles on which I conducted his education, and of his own opinion of those principles, I leave the candid reader to judge from the preceding narrative.

In infancy, his health was very delicate, and he was somewhat timorous; not more so, however, than well-natured children, who fear to offend, commonly are. But his piety and good sense, the manly exercises in which he delighted, and his being so early accustomed to the use of arms, got the better of that timidity; so that, before he grew up to manhood, he was as fearless as a man ought to be. I know not any one, in whose fortitude I could have confided more on any perilous emergency. Several times I have seen him in danger; once particularly in Yarmouth roads, when every person on board our vessel, every person at least who was on the upper deck, imagined it was on the point of foundering. I took him by the hand, made him swallow a glass of wine; and, on looking at him, saw his countenance perfectly undismayed, and I believe more composed than any other in the ship. He was then in his sixteenth year.

It was also supposed by some, as he was often seen walking alone, or with me, and seldom or never with more than one companion, that he must be of an unsocial disposition. The reverse was his character; he was social, cheerful, and affectionate, and by those friends who thoroughly knew him, beloved even to enthusiasm. In his choice of friends, indeed, he was not hasty. For in discerning characters he was, as already observed, singularly perspicacious; and the slightest appearance of immorality, vanity, pedantry, coarse manners, or blameable levity, disgusted him; though he shewed his disgust by silence only or withdrawing from the company.

He had a passion for visiting places that had been remarkable as the abodes of eminent men, or that retained

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any memorials of them ; and, as in this I resembled him we often walked together on what he called classick ground. Westminster Abbey, in the neighbourhood of which we lived several months, was a favourite haunt of his, and suggested many images and meditations. He had wandered in the bowers of Twickenham, and amidst the more majestic scenes of Blenheim and Windsor. At Oxford, where we passed some time, he met with many interesting objects and attentive friends. He kissed (literally he did so) the grave-stone which covers the dust of Shakespear at Stratford ; and sat in the same chimney-corner, and in the same chair, in which tradition tells that the immortal bard was wont to sit. He once or twice visited the village, the house, and even the chamber (near Coltsworth in Lincolnshire) in which Sir Isaac Newton is said to have been born. The last time he and I were in Cambridge, I gratified him with a sight of those apartments in Pembroke Hall, which were once honoured with the residence of my memorable and long-lamented friend Mr. Gray ; of whom he was a warm admirer, thinking him the greatest poetical genius that Britain had produced since Milton. He composed an ode inscribed " To the genius of Gray," of which I find among his papers a stanzas ; but far the greater part is irrecoverably lost. This ode I think he wrote, or planned, while we were passing some time in 1787 at Windsor ; where, from the terrace, he had a view of Stoke church, in which, Gray is buried, and towards which I often found him directing his eyes.

When his curiosity was raised with respect to any work of art, he always wished to make himself master of at least the theory of it. In his early days he was skilled in various sorts of legerdemain ; but left it off entirely, as trifling in itself, and ostentatious in the performance. One evening of his thirteenth year, he and I arrived in Newark on Trent, just as an exhibition of fire-works was beginning in the market place. It was indeed a magnificent spectacle, and the first of the kind he had seen. He immediately resolved to study fire-works ; and, finding in London a systematick book on the subject, applied to it so successfully, that, for several years after, he would now and then exhibit in that way, for the amusement of his friends.

(To be continued.)

The facts contained in the following narration were transmitted in a letter from Moscow in the year 1778.

A party of Englishmen making the tour of Russia, among other places that were deemed worthy of observation, visited the dungeons of Calouskoi Ostrog, the prin-

cipal prison in the city of Moscow, and one of the party sent these particulars to his friend in England.

In the most wretched compartment of this most melancholy mansion of perpetual misery, stood an immense wooden cage, barricaded on every side by massy bolts of iron. As my guide pointed it out for my observation, a deep and hollow groan issued from the thick gloom that nearly concealed it from my view, and as I approached the horrid spot, I was just able to perceive through a small grated window, high in the solid wall, the spectral form of a human being, lying in the most obscure corner, bound down to the damp earth by a huge chain of iron.

The pale light that gleamed through the narrow casement, struck only upon his countenance, and the gigantic length of his figure was almost concealed in the dismal gloom that shewed nothing distinctly, but which leaving full scope for the workings of the imagination, increased the horror, already excited by the miserable spectacle.

This wretch was a murderer. Every line and every furrow in his strongly marked countenance evinced the fall and depravity of a mighty mind. The perpetration of every dreadful crime had stamped an additional mark upon it that never could be mistaken for the effect of any other than the most diabolical of deeds.

As the wan light beamed upon him, I could perceive he had dark curling hair, which stood all dishevelled from his head, while large knotted locks fell over his forehead down to his black, long, horizontal, and bushy brows, that nearly met over a long aqueline nose, and these seemed torn and rent by the most terrible and conflicting passions. Yet they were bent in gloomy frown, over his large black eyes which were fixed in a steady and immovable stare upon me, and seemed at once to express an untameable and unsubdued spirit, the keen fire of ungoverned passions, and the dark workings of a mighty mind debased from all good purposes, and bent only upon evil deeds. His haggard cheeks were deeply furrowed by strong lines, and a bold projecting chin curled from his terrible front, which altogether bore the indelible characters of hardened guilt, and struck the spectator with a dread bordering upon terror.

Every thing bad might be apprehended from this man, who not only (like other miserable wretches who prey upon society) wished to do evil, but had the power in an eminent degree, for he possessed abilities that might have raised him to the highest degree of excellence in any profession of life. But those rare talents which he possessed from the bounty of Nature, had been early perverted and

entirely corrupted, and his character was not now to be changed.

My attention was soon called to the contemplation of another object equally, if not more distressing.

Near the door of this horrid cage was erected a vile shed that was barely able to shelter one of the most miserable objects I ever had the misfortune to behold. Outstretched on the damp earth appeared an old woman with her haggard cheek resting against the bars of the cage. She was covered by a scanty portion of filthy rags, which were scarcely sufficient to screen her decayed and shrivelled form from the gaze of strangers. Her hollow eye-balls were deeply sunk within her wrinkled front, and from her hooked nose and skinny lips, thin rheum was perpetually oozing. Her dreadfully emaciated form seemed to bespeak alike the most agonizing distress of mind and the most deadly state of body.

I could perceive, that as her livid cheek rested on the bars of the cage, her eyes remained fixed, sorrowful, and immovable, upon the unhappy man within it, and evinced an expression of grief far beyond the luxury of tears. She sometimes spoke to him with uncommon interest, but she never once so much as glanced her eye upon any other object; not even upon us who were strangers and foreigners, and who appeared so much to excite the attention of the other wretches that languished in these dreadful dungeons.

There was something so remarkable in her appearance and position, and she wore such a peculiar air of extreme woe, that I requested the Aid du Camp who accompanied us would ask the jailer who she was.

The murderer within the cage immediately replied in the French language, and in the most terrible voice "Elle est à moi." Being much struck with the circumstance that such a wretch should have any body belonging to him, and remaining with him in such a situation, and also at the singularity of his reply, being made in the French language, which I could have so little expected from a Russian criminal, confined in a dungeon at Moscow, I earnestly begged our conductor would enquire into their story.

The jailer informed me that this murderer was a man of noble family, and at an early age had come to the inheritance of a very considerable estate, in the cultivation of which, it was necessary to employ a vast number of slaves (that being the dreadful term by which the Russian peasantry are denominated and esteemed): and that nothing could exceed the brutality of this man's conduct towards those unhappy beings; being guilty of the great-

est cruelties and the most atrocious actions towards them.

It was not an unfrequent act of this hideous monster to order his inoffensive and ignorant peasantry to suffer the most agonising death under the torture of the hellish lash; and this for the most trifling offences, if an offence at all, but much oftener merely for the satisfaction his diabolical heart felt while domineering and tormenting his unresisting fellow creatures.

For a long time his infernal actions were screened by the ever powerful shield of rank, fortune, and consequently influence; but, at length the particulars of a barbarous murder attended with unusual shocking particulars, coming to the knowledge of men high in power, and being generally known by the publick, the wretch was seized and dragged to that dungeon in which I beheld him braving his fate, under the frown of gloomy malignity and the hardihood of consummate iniquity.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of this man's crimes his relations had sufficient power to prevent his being brought to trial, on which occasion he must inevitably have been doomed to an ignominious death, which would effectually have sullied the *fair name*, and intailed eternal disgrace upon the *noble title* of such a *distinguished* family.

Yet it is said that under the mild reign of the present Empress Catherine, no unfortunate human being has suffered capital punishment, except the impostor Pugachy, who pretended to be the late Emperor, and who had gained over to his party fifty thousand Cossacks, by whose assistance he had hoped to obtain the imperial diadem.

Under these circumstances then, this villain remained confined to the narrow and horrid confines of his cage without the anticipation of any other punishment; and he had been a close prisoner for the period of three years when I beheld him in that cage, but before he had been removed to it, he had suffered seven years imprisonment in one of larger dimensions.

The miserable wretch that existed under the shed had been his wet nurse, and had imbibed such a strong affection for him, that when he was first seized and dragged to prison, she solicited and obtained permission to dwell near him in his dungeon, and there had this affectionate and faithful, but mistaken woman, endured the terrible severity of that inhospitable climate, under which Moscow is situated, for ten long years.

Continuing exposed not only to the scoffs, revilings, and contumely of the abandoned and profligate wretches around her, to the scorn or cold indifference of others, and to the keen rigour of Russian winters, with scarcely any co-

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vering or food, this woman exhibited an instance of generosity, disinterested friendship, and unbounded affection, that I could scarcely have believed possible to exist, had I not been an eye-witness of the truth of such an interesting fact.

She subsisted on the meanest possible fare, for like all the other prisoners, this murderer depended upon charity for the means of existence, and his share of the general stock raised by the bounty of the public, never exceeded two shillings per week, but was very often considerably less; this being the case, the unhappy woman who attended him, not only deprived herself of a large portion of her own food, but even begged on her particular account from those that visited the dungeon and all that she gained by these means she gave to him.

Thus altogether without motive of reward, save that which she derived from the heavenly consolation of her own feelings, did this astonishing woman endure for so many years all the calamities and dreadful evils attendant upon such a miserable state of being.

Yet amidst sufferings that would have borne down the strongest of resolutions, this poor woman seemed to feel no other pain than that arising from the perpetual contemplation of the misery which the unworthy object of her attachment was compelled to undergo, and which she endeavoured to mitigate by every means in her power.

I slipped some money into her hand, and she instantly, even without looking at it or me, thrust it through the bars of the cage and gave it to the prisoner, and it was not till after a long explanation on my part that I was able to convince her it was intended for herself, and even when she was assured I meant the charity for herself only, I could not prevail upon her to keep it.....

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Of what can we accuse the letter H, to justify the contempt with which it is treated.

The pedant calls authority, *authority*. I know he will tell me it is of Greek origin. But as we are speaking English, and not Greek, we should admit the word to all the privileges of naturalization. Such as call authority, *authority*, might as well call *beldam*—*bell-weather*; for it is derived from the French, in which language it signifies a fine lady, and in English, an old hag.

A boy at school, reading his lesson to his master, came to the word Honour; the boy pronounced the H. The master asked—"Honour? What's honour; The word is Honour."

"La!" said the lad, "don't it begin with an H?"

"What if it does?" said the master.—

"You blockhead, don't you know that H is no letter?"

The next morning, the master wanting a muffin toasted, gave it to the boy and bid him *heat* it; The boy went to the fire-side, but made better use of his time; for when the master called, and asked—"Is the muffin done?"

"Done, Sir?" answered the sly rogue, "I have done as you bid me."

"Well, Sir, where is the muffin?"

"La, Sir, I have *eat* it, as you bid me."

"Why, you little villain!" exclaimed the master, "I ordered you to *heat* it."

"Yes, Sir," answered the boy; "but you know, you told me that H was no letter."

ANECDOTES.

The late Mr. Pennant author of the *Tours, &c.* had some whimsical peculiarities, and even eccentricities. Among the latter may be classed his singular antipathy to a wig, which however he could suppress 'till reason yielded to wine,—but when this was the case, off went the wig next him, and into the fire.

Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half-seas-over; and another friend that was in company carefully placed himself between Pennant and the wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wishful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it on the burning coals. It was in flames in a moment, and so was the officer, who ran to his sword.

Down stairs runs Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester,—but Pennant, from his superior knowledge of topography, escaped. This was whimsically enough called, *Pennant's Tour through Chester*.

A barrister, not overburdened with abilities, had pleaded in the Court of Chancery, the case of some orphans. As the lord chancellor was going out, the counsel entered into some conversation with him, and said he hoped he had been successful in exciting his lordship's compassion—"You have indeed (said the chancellor) *I pity you very much.*"

When the late Mr. Charles Yorke was returned member for the university of Cambridge, he went round the senate to thank those who had voted for him, and said to one of them, noted for having a *very long ordinary face*, "Sir, I have reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but I confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the *very remarkable countenance* you have shewn me on this occasion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The full orb'd moon ascends the concave sky,
And chrysal streams reflect her silver rays :
Th' appointed hour, *Amynta*, now draws nigh,
When she shall meet, our mutual ardent gaze.

E'en now she beams more gloriously bright,
With more than usual lustre seems to rise ;
Refulgent shines with borrow'd beauty's light,
Reflected from the fair *Amynta's* eyes.

The silent tear that trickles down my cheek,
The boon to love, and fond affection due,
On trembling rays, yon queen of night shall seek,
And find a passage, dearest girl, to you.

And should the pledge convince you of his truth,
And one soft sigh your tender bosom prove ;
Oh ! waft it quickly to your constant youth,
To soothe his sorrows, and reward his love.

THEODORE.

The following lines were published in that short-lived paper, the Philadelphia Magazine, 1798, on the death of Mr. J. P. Moreton.

When sordid wealth, and titel'd folly fall
Beneath the common stroke that levels all,
To grace their poor remains of lifeless dust
Rise the proud monument, and sculptur'd bust ;
The hireling muse her ready flattery pays,
And swells their fame with cheaply purchas'd praise.
Shall wealth and titles bid the tomb to rise,
And no stone tell where humble merit lies ?
Shall wealth and titles claim each gifted tongue,
And humble merit only die unsung ?
Friendship forbids !—while free from venal stains,
One single spark of honest truth remains ;
While thoughtless vanity, and selfish art
Reign not unbounded o'er the human heart ;
While yet a portion of the muses fire
With nature's genuine feeling warms the lyre ;
While yet departed virtue claims the sigh,
And bids the tear to glisten in the eye ;
For thee shall swell the strains, for thee shall rise
The glist'ning tear, and heave the lab'ring sighs.

Genius, imagination, taste refin'd,
With solid judgement, form'd thy polish'd mind :
Thy gentle virtues modestly retir'd,
Sought no display, yet every one admired ;
Thy conduct steer'd by reason's steady laws,
Obtain'd its best reward in self-applause :
While thy kind heart, and honour never stain'd
Secur'd each friend thy generous nature gain'd.

What though thy life's last sigh expires, remov'd
Far from each relative on earth belov'd ?
What though thy grave receives no kindred tear,
No kindred hands adorn thy mournful bier ?
Yet even here, some kindred hearts shall swell
With grief sincere, so soon to say, farewell!

E

SUMMER—FROM METASTASIO.

Farewell, mild spring ! farewell, each early flow'r
On the soft bank or verdant meadow born !
Summer advances to assert her power,
Her yellow tresses crown'd with ears of corn.

The streams decrease beneath the solar ray,
Shrink from its rage, and leave the burning sand ;
Not more oppressive beams, the raging day
Points on the parch'd *Cirene's* barb'rous land.

No more the morning sheds her frosty dews,
While no rude winds her gentle hours disturb ;
No fruitful rain from equal heav'n renews
Each beauteous flow'ret and salubrious herb.

No more the fountain, or the wand'ring stream,
Pours its abundance o'er the irriguous plain ;
Earth gapes beneath the sun's relentless beam,
And vainly asks the cool refreshing rain.

Discolour'd, dry, the tall majestic beach,
That May had freshly cloth'd in vivid green,
And bade his broad arms, wide projected, reach,
The pride, the glory of the sylvan scene,

Withers, ungrateful to its native ground,
And scarce beyond the trunk its shadows spread ;
No sheltering leaves protect with coolness round
The friendly rill that long its branches fed.

His face and bosom bath'd in honest sweat,
The weary reaper throws him careless down,
Stretch'd on the swarth, and thro' the mid-day heat,
Sleeps on the harvest that his labours crown :

Whilst, with a ready and a tender hand,
The village-maid, to love and *Corin* true,
Intent and silent takes her careful stand,
And from his forehead wipes the trickling dew.

On the scorch'd ground, near his lov'd master, lies
The panting dog, whose clammy jaws now fail
To give the watchful bark, and oft he tries,
With quick, short breath, to catch the grateful gale.

The youthful Bull, whom oft the rustic swain,
With wonder saw exert his dauntless might,
No more, with butting forehead, rubs the plain,
Nor wounds the bending trees in mimic fight.

Laid on the margin of the scanty rill,
Lowing, he watches his loved *Heifer* near ;
Whose faint responsive moans no longer fill
Heav'n's echoing vault, but feebly strike the ear.

No more with nimble wing the feather'd race
In the fierce eyes of day advent'rous tow'r ;
The nightingale resigns her ruin'd sprays,
And noisy grasshopper's usurp the bower.

But the sleek serpents, by the genial fires
Reviv'd, desert their faded sloughs, and bold ;
Round the bare branch weaving their agile spires,
Blaze to the sun in renovated gold.

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